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Continuation of the Criticism on the Tragedy of All for Love, *or* The World well loft.

AS nothing could be more judicious than the ending the firſt Act with the Succeſs of *Ventidius*, in prevailing with *Antony* to ſlight *Cleopatra*, and put himſelf at the Head of his Legions, in order to fight with *Octavius*; ſo nothing could be more natural than to open the ſecond with *Cleopatra*'s Concern for this unforeſeen Event. *Charmion*, her Woman's Return from her Meſſage to *Antony*, with the Account of his Reluctance in leaving her, and all the Symptoms of unalter'd Paſſion, moſt artfully follows this, and *Alexas*'s Interpretation of his Behaviour and Advice to make Uſe of it, is a moſt proper and juſt Foundation for the Sequel: *Cleopatra*'s going out to make Room for his putting it in Practice, and *Antony*'s Entrance here in Arms, as marching to his Troops, is another Piece of juſt and regular Conduct; and *Alexas*'s Addreſs with the Bracelet, as a parting Gift from *Cleopatra*, with the Uſe he makes of it, in prevailing with the Emperor to take his Leave of his Miſtreſs in Perſon, a Refinement that deſerves the higheſt Applauſe.——*Cleopatra*'s Entrance after this, and the many pathetick Circumſtances that fill up the Scene between them, form another capital Point in the Buſineſs of the Play, and may juſtly vie with the celebrated Scene that ends the firſt Act.

Antony, Cleopatra, Ventidius, &c.

Ant. WELL, Madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a Meeting?
Then we muſt part.
Ant. We muſt.
Cleo. Who ſays we muſt?
Ant. Our own hard Fates.
Cleo. We make thoſe Fates ourſelves. [ther
Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each o
Into our mutual Ruin.
Cleo. The Gods have ſeen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World
(As 'twere the Buſineſs of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd againſt my Love: Ev'n you yourſelf
Join with the reſt; you, you are arm'd againſt me.
Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do
To late Poſterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lie
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Elſe favour me with Silence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Vent. I like this well; He ſhows Authority.
Ant. That I derive my Ruin
From you alone———
Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!
Ant. You promis'd me your Silence, and you break it
E'er I have ſcarce begun.
Cleo. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you firſt, it was in *Ægypt*,
E'er *Cæſar* ſaw your Eyes; you gave me Love,
And were too young to know it: That I ſettled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your Sake.
I left th' Acknowledgment for Time to ripen.
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy Hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, e're the firſt Bluſh of red,
Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to rival,
But, I deſerv'd you firſt, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.
Cleo. I clear'd myſelf———
Ant. Again you break your Promiſe.
I lov'd you ſtill, and took your weak Excuſes,
Took you into my Boſom, ſtain'd by *Cæſar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the Buſineſs of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my Sight,
To give the whole Years to you.
Vent. To your Shame be't ſpoken. [*Aſide.*
Ant. How I lov'd
Witneſs ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Buſineſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but Love:
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt;
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As ſhe indeed had Reaſon; rais'd a War
In *Italy*, to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mouldering from my Hands each Hour,
And left me ſcarce a Graſp (I thank your Love for't)
Vent. Well puſh'd: That laſt was home.
Cleo. Yet may I ſpeak?
Ant. If I have urg'd a Fault, yes; elſe, not.
Your Silence ſays I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my Unkindneſs dy'd.)
To ſet the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cæſar*'s Siſter; in her Pride of Youth
And Flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom bluſhing I muſt praiſe, becauſe I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cauſe was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was ſtronger;
You hinder'd it: Yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forſook me fighting; and (oh Stain to Honour!
Oh laſting Shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What Haſte ſhe made to hoiſt her purple Sails!
And to appear magnificent in Flight,
Drew half our Strength away.
Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, would you multiply more Ruins on me?
This honeſt Man, my beſt, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my laſt Recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To ſeize them too. If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak, you have free Leave.
Alex. [*Aſide.*] She ſtands confounded:
Deſpair is in her Eyes.
Vent. Now lay a Sigh i'th' Way, to ſtop his Paſſage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.
Cleo. How ſhall I plead my Cauſe, when you my Judge
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd againſt me, that deſtroys me;
For, Love once paſt, is, at the beſt, forgotten;
But oftner ſours to Hate: 'Twill pleaſe my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow ſearching Eyes,
Into my Faults, ſevere to my Deſtruction,
And watching all Advantages with Care,
That ſerve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Tho' I deſerve this Uſage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I fought this Parting, or deſir'd
To accuſe you more than what will clear myſelf,
And juſtify this Breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And, ſince my Innocence will not offend,
I ſhall not bluſh to own it.
Vent. After this
I think ſhe'll bluſh at nothing.
Cleo. You ſeem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæſar* firſt
Enjoy'd my Love, tho' you deſerv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I firſt been yours, it would have ſav'd
My ſecond Choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæſar* firſt,
You ſay, poſſeſs'd my Love. Not ſo, my Lord:
He firſt poſſeſs'd my Perſon; you my Love:
Cæſar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas becauſe
I judg'd it due to the firſt Name of Men;
And, half conſtrain'd, I gave as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by Force,
Vent. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the Love ſhe boaſts were true,
Has ſhe not ruin'd you? I ſtill urge that,
The fatal Conſequence.
Cleo. The Conſequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greateſt Foe,
To ſay it was deſign'd: 'Tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneaſy Wife,
(Such *Fulvia* was)
Yes, but he'll ſay, you left *Octavia* for me;——
And, can you blame me to receive that Love,
Which quitted ſuch Deſert, for worthleſs me?
How often have I wiſh'd ſome other *Cæſar*,
Great as the firſt, and as the ſecond young,
Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you! [*Actium.*
Vent. Words, Words; but *Actium*, Sir, remember
Cleo. Liv'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I counſel'd
To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
I fled; but to th' Enemy. 'Twas Fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your Friendſhip,
Who envy me your Love.
Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing elſe, yet your ill Fortune part us.
Speak; Would you have me periſh, by my Stay?
Cleo. If as a Friend you aſk my Judgment, go;
If as a Lover, ſtay. If you muſt periſh:
'Tis a hard Word; but ſtay.
Vent. See now th' Effects of her ſo boaſted Love!
She ſtrives to drag you down to Ruin with her:
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without you, oh how ſoon
Would ſhe let go her Hold, and haſte to Shore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my Love by this.
[*Giving* Antony *a Writing.*
Could I have born
A Life or Death, a Happineſs or Woe,
From yours divided, this had giv'n me Means.
Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius!*
I know it well: 'Tis that proſcribing Hand,
Young as it was, that led the Way to mine,
And left me but the ſecond Place in Murder——
See, ſee, *Ventidius!* here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joins all *Syria* to it, as a Preſent,
So, in Requital, ſhe forſake my Fortunes,
And join her Arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Antony*; and, yet I love you,
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle;
For I could part with Life, with any Thing,
But only you. O let me die with you!
Is that a hard Requeſt?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Alex. He melts; we conquer. [*Aſide.*
Cleo. No: You ſhall go: Your Int'reſt calls you hence;
Yes; your dear Int'reſt pulls too ſtrong, for theſe
Weak Arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his Hand.*
Go; leave me, Soldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Puſh me all pale and panting from your Boſom,
And, when your March begins, let one run after

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Breathleſs almoſt for Joy; and cry, ſhe's dead:
The Soldiers ſhout; you then perhaps may ſigh,
And muſter all your *Roman* Gravity;
Ventidius chides; and ſtrait your Brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forſaken Woman? and a Lover? ——
Here let me breathe my laſt; envy me not
This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:
As faſt as e'er I can; and end your Trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me periſh: Looſen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, ſink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to cruſh the nether World.
My Eyes! my Soul! my All! [*Embracing her.*

Vent. And what's this Toy,
In Balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius?* it out weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæſar* now:
My Queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is ſhe who drags me down to Ruin!
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without me, with what Haſte
Would ſhe let ſlip her Hold, and make to Shore,
And never look behind!
Down on thy Knees, Blaſphemer as thou art,
And aſk Forgiveneſs of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good Things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her, who ſets my Love
Above the Price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's ſo full of Joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild Extravagance
Of Love, in publick; and the fooliſh World,
Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods
Have not ſuch Pow'r of doing Good to Man,
As you of doing Harm. [*Exit.*

Ant. Our Men are arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæſar*'s Camp;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:
And long Security makes Conqueſt eaſy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the Pleaſures I have known, beat thick
On my Remembrance: How I long for Night!
That both the Sweets of mutual Love may try,
And triumph once o'er *Cæſar* e're we die.

All who underſtand Human Nature, will allow that nothing can be more natural than the Conſequence of this Interview, and that, however great any Man's Qualities are, they will ſeldom be able to withſtand his Paſſions, when aſſail'd in ſo nice and delicate a Manner.

[*To be continued.*]

SATURDAY, *March* 15.

ON Wedneſday laſt, as ſome Gentlemen were a ſhooting, they diſcover'd in a Ditch, at *Weſtbourn-Green* near *Paddington*, a Man tolerably well dreſs'd, who ſeem'd by the Bruiſes about his Head and Face, to have been murder'd; they went and gave Notice to the Officers of *Paddington* Pariſh, who took him away; but he is not yet known.

Yeſterday the Body of a Man dreſs'd in a Morning-Gown and very good Linnen, was taken out of *Roſamond's-Pond* in St. *James's-Park*; he had 5 s. 6 d. in his Pocket, and two Notes, one wrote in *French* and the other in *Engliſh*, by which he was diſcover'd to be one Mr. *Segye*, a Native of *Lorrain*, and an eminent Peruke-Maker over-againſt the *King's-Arms* Tavern in *Pall-Mall:* He had been obſerv'd to have been delirious for ſome Time, and went from home the Night before about Eight o'Clock: He was in very good Circumſtances, and had a conſiderable Sum of Money in the publick Funds, but being a Batchelor, has not left any one Relation in *England*. He had a large Parcel of Goods return'd upon his Hands a few Days ago which were not approv'd of, ſince which he has been obſerv'd to be melancholy.

We have the following melancholy Account from *Dantzick*, relating to the laſt Action between the *Poles* and *Saxons:* General *Birkholtz*, after a long Defence and all cover'd over with Wounds, thought of nothing more than to retreat in good Order and bring off his Lady, who was in one of the twelve Coaches and Six; but the *Poles* who purſu'd them keeping a continual Fire, and ſeveral Balls entering the Coach, the Lady and one of her Waiting-Women had the Misfortune to be kill'd; the General himſelf was taken Priſoner and conducted to Count *Tarlo's* Quarters, where, what thro' Grief and Loſs of Blood, he ſurviv'd his unfortunate Lady but two Days: The *Poles*, animated by their Succeſs, attack'd the other Coaches, which were alſo full of Ladies, from whom they took all their Money and Jewels, and then conducted them to *Kaliſch*.

Preferment. On Thurſday laſt Dr. *Egerton*, Lord Biſhop of *Hereford*, kiſs'd his Majeſty's Hand on being appointed Clerk of the Cloſet, in the room of the Lord Biſhop of *Wincheſter*.

Death. Laſt Night died in *Bow Lane*, *Cheapſide*, Dr. *Brook*, an eminent Phyſician and Man-Midwife.

MONDAY, *March* 17.

Laſt Week, at the Aſſizes at *Huntingdon*, the Farmer at *Spaldwick* in that County, was tried there for the Murder of his Boy; the Caſe ſeem'd to be thus; in Harveſt Time, the Boy driving a loaded Cart, overturn'd it, and fearing his Maſter's Anger, run away, and hid himſelf in the Fields; his Maſter finding him, faſten'd him to the Horſe's Tail; intending (as he ſaid) to ſhame the Boy thro' the next Village; but the Farmer alighting at the Village, the Horſe, all on a ſudden, took a Fright, run away, and kill'd the Boy on the Spot. The Boy was prov'd to be an idle, untoward, wicked Lad, whereupon the Jury, after hearing the Evidence, brought in a Verdict of *Manſlaughter*. The Farmer was reckon'd rich.

'The Lord Chief Juſtice *Holt*, in his Argument in '*Mawgridge's* Caſe, in *Kelyng*, p 127, ſays thus: *Hol-*'*loway's Caſe*, who was *Woodward* of *Oſterly-Park:* A 'Boy came there to cut Wood, whom by chance he eſpy-'ing, and the Boy being upon a Tree, he immediately 'calls to him to deſcend, which the Boy obeying, *Hollo-*'*way* tied him to a Horſe's Tail, with a Cord that the 'Boy had, and then gave him two Blows, the Horſe ran 'away and broke the Boy's Shoulder, whereof he died. 'This was ruled to be Murder, by all the Juſtices and 'Barons, except Juſtice *Hutton*, who only doubted there-'of. Tho' there was ſome Kind of Provocation in the 'Boy, who was ſtealing the Wood in the Park, of which '*Holloway* had the Care, and it cannot be reaſonably 'thought, that he deſign'd more than the Chaſtiſement of 'the Boy, and the Horſe running away in that Manner 'was a Surprize to *Holloway*; yet in regard the Boy did 'not reſiſt him, his tying him to the Horſe's Tail was an 'Act of Cruelty, the Event whereof proving ſo fatal; it 'was adjudg'd to be Malice prepenſed, tho' of a ſudden 'and in the Heat of Paſſion. *Coke's Inſt.* 3. 62. He that 'doth a cruel Act voluntarily, doth it of Malice prepenſ-'ed.——The Law of *England* allows no Man to value 'himſelf at ſuch a Rate, as if the Blood of his Neigh-'bour were a fit Sacrifice to expiate every mean and ſlight 'Affront; this was the Caſe in *Popham's* Time. A Gen-'tleman of *Kent* came by another, and made wry Mouths 'and laughed, and made ſuch Signs as uſually put Men 'into Paſſion; the other fell upon him and killed him, 'and my Lord Chief Juſtice *Popham* and his Brethren, 'deliver'd their Opinions, that it was Murder, and the 'Gentleman was hanged.' Vide Sir *Heneage Finch's* Speech at Lord *Morley's* Trial, 1666, in the *Norfolk* Collection.

On Wedneſday laſt the Aſſizes ended at *Glouceſter*, when two Perſons received Sentence of Death, *viz.*

John Wetherhill, for Burglary; and *Ralph Fletcher*, for Felony.

One *John Howell* was burnt in the Hand, for ſtealing Goods and Writings to a conſiderable Value; and ſeven Perſons were ordered for Tranſportation.

On Friday laſt the Aſſizes ended on the Crown Side at *Rocheſter* for the County of *Kent*, when the eight following Perſons received Sentence of Death, *viz.*

John Venner, alias *Paine*, and *Stephen Baſſet*, alias *Rocheſter*, for Horſe-ſtealing.

George State and *Robert Skelton*, for Burglary in the Dwelling-Houſe of *Joſeph Pratt*.

Richard Scales, a Baker's Servant at *Greenwich*, for Burglary in the Dwelling Houſe of Mr. *Vanbrugh* of that Town, and robbing Mrs. *Victoria Vanbrugh* of a Purſe and ſeven Guineas.

William Fidzer, alias *Flippit*, for Burglary in the Dwelling-Houſe of Mr. *Luckitt*, an Apothecary at *Deptford*.

Robert Jones, for Burglary in the Dwelling Houſe of *James Weſt*. And

William Allbone, for Houſe-breaking.

Nine were ordered for Tranſportation for ſeven Years, and *William Sytron* (a former capital Convict) was ordered to be tranſported for 14 Years.

Marriage. A few Days ago *John Parry*, of *Pantyredyn* in *Cardiganſhire*, *South Wales*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Lloyd*, Daughter of *Walter Lloyd* of *Peterwell*, Eſq; Member of Parliament for the ſaid County, a Fortune of 8000 l.

Deaths. On Friday laſt dropt down dead, at the Corner of *Lancaſter-Court* in the *Strand*, *George Jackſon*, Eſq; formerly one of the unfortunate Managers of the Affairs of the *Charitable Corporation*.——On Saturday died at *Polſdon*, near *Leatherhead* in *Surrey*, Col. *Thomas Moor*, Brother of the late *Arthur Moor*, of *Fetcham* in the ſaid County, Eſq;——On Sunday the 9th Inſt. died at *Edinburgh*, Sir *James Agnew*, of *Lochnaw*, Bart.——Laſt Friday died at *Barns* in *Surrey*, *James Robinſon*, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the ſaid County.——On Saturday died very rich, Mr. *William Eddon*, an eminent Oilman in *Giltſpur-Street*. He has left his Widow 500 l. over and above the Jointure ſettled on her in his Life-time; 500 l. to a near Relation who was his Apprentice, and ſeveral Legacies to his other Relations; 8 l. apiece to all his Servants for Mourning, and 10 l. to the Poor of the Pariſh of St. *Sepulchre's*, to be diſpos'd of at the Diſcretion of his Executor. The Reſidue of his Eſtate, which is very conſiderable, goes to his Half Brother, Mr. *John Eddon*, of *Fox-Hatch* in *Eſſex*, whom he has left his ſole Executor.

Bankrupts. Richard Hale, late of the City of *Glouceſter*, Sugar-Baker.——*John Bateman*, of *Coptball-Court*, *Throgmorton-Street*, *London*, Merchant.

TUESDAY, *March* 18.

Laſt Week ſome Plumbers being repairing the Lead-work, which covered the Roof of *Croydon* Church in *Surrey*, and leaving their Fire careleſly, the Roof of the Church was ſoon in a Blaze, which alarm'd the whole Town; but proper Aſſiſtance coming in, it was ſoon brought under, tho' 'tis computed the Damage cannot be made good under near 400 l.

On Saturday laſt a Perſon who keeps an Alehouſe near St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*, who had been married upwards of nine Years, ſold his Wife to a Rolling-Preſs Printer for ten Guineas; he received half a Guinea Earneſt, and two Notes for the Payment of the reſt; the Woman went willingly home with the Purchaſer, and the three Parties have expreſſed a great Satisfaction at the Exchange, and been very joyful ever ſince.

And Yeſterday the Common Cryer of St. *Clement's* made Proclamation, before a great Number of People, in *Milford Lane*, *Eſſex-Street*, and *Clare-Market*, that if any one hereafter ſhould give any Credit to the Wife of the ſaid Alehouſe-keeper, her Huſband would not pay any Debts ſhe ſhould contract.

On Sunday Night, about Twelve o'Clock, Mr. *Ryan*, of the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*, going along *Great Queen-Street*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, was attacked and ſhot at by a ſingle Perſon: The Circumſtance is this; Mr. *Ryan* paſs'd by ſeveral Footmen in *Great Queen-Street*, unmoleſted, and croſſing the Way, he heard a Perſon follow him; he imagin'd it might be one of thoſe Servants whom he had paſs'd by, but turning about a Villain immediately clapp'd a Piſtol to his Mouth, which he diſcharg'd, upon ſaying —— Stand. The Piſtol was certainly charg'd only with Powder. As ſoon as he had executed his Purpoſe, Mr. *Ryan* ſaid, —— *Friend, you have killed me, but I forgive you.* The Fellow took only his Sword from him, which he afterwards dropt. Mr. *Ryan* call'd for the Watch, by whom he was conducted to Mr. *Kirwood's* the Surgeon, in *Great Queen-Street*, when, being dreſs'd, he was carried home. Several of his Teeth are quite ſhot out, and his Face and Jaw-Bone ſo ſhatter'd, that 'tis doubtful whether he will be able to appear again in the Character of an Actor.

Death. Yeſterday died, at his Houſe in St. *Martin's-Street*, *Leiceſter-Fields*, *Paul Docminique*, Eſq; who was Member of Parliament for *Gatton* in *Surrey*, for ſeveral Years before the Union, and in every one of the eight Parliaments of *Great Britain* ſince; and in the fourth Parliament of *Great Britain*, he was made a Commiſſioner for Trade and Plantations, in which Poſt he has continued ever ſince. He was at Sir *Robert Walpole's* Levee on Thurſday laſt, and at the Houſe of Commons on Friday. He was about 97 Years of Age; he remembred and ſaw *Oliver Cromwell* go up to the Houſe of Lords, the laſt Time he was there, and ſtood in one of the Windows, at that Houſe which is now *Waghorn's* Coffee houſe, to ſee him go up.——Yeſterday Se'nnight died, at *Barnes* in *Surrey*, the Lady *Suſan Fane*, third Daughter of *Vere* the 4th Earl of *Weſtmoreland*, (who died *Dec.* 29, 1693) by *Rachel*, (only Daughter and Heir to *John Bence*, Eſq; Alderman of *London*) who died *Feb.* 6, 1711, in the 75th Year of her Age.

WEDNESDAY, *March* 19.

A Sum of 4000 l. will be expended this Year in repairing and beautifying *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

And a Sum of 3500 l. in repairing St. *Margaret's* Church, and rebuilding the Steeple.

Late on Monday Night the Lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Cardigan*, youngeſt Daughter to his Grace the Duke of *Montagu*, and Grandaughter to the Dutcheſs

Dowager of *Marlborough*, was safely delivered of a Son and Heir, at his Lordship's House in *Albemarle-Street*. The young Lord's Title is Lord *Brudenal*.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal is in perfect Health. Friday last being the Anniversary of her Marriage with the Prince, their Highnesses received the Compliments of all the Persons of Distinction at the *Hague*.

A few Days since Mr. *Timberlin*, a Gardener at *Little Chelsea*, was accidentally bit by a mad Dog belonging to a Gentleman at *Kensington*, and soon after was carried down to the Salt Water, and several Times dipt, but on Sunday last he was taken ill, and Yesterday Morning died raving mad.

The following is a true and particular Account of the taking *Gregory* the Blacksmith, one of the Persons concerned in robbing Farmer *Lawrence*, &c. *Gregory* inlisted for a Soldier at *Hammersmith*, and the Serjeant marched down to *Basingstoke* in *Hants:* A Ostler at the Inn where they quarter'd, finding that he answer'd to the Description of the Person that was advertis'd in the *Gazette*, secured him, and carried him before a Magistrate, but he did not think proper to commit him, so that the Serjeant and his Men marched on to *Sutton:* They had not been gone above five or six Hours, but two Men came in Pursuit of *Gregory*, and happen'd to put up their Horses at the Inn where *Gregory* had been quarter'd, and telling the Ostler their Business, he sent them to *Andover* to seek the Serjeant and his Recruits, while he took a Friend with him to *Sutton*, and secured *Gregory* as he was eating his Dinner: He was carried before a neighbouring Justice, who committed him to *Winchester* Gaol.

And Yesterday he was brought to Town from *Winchester* with another Offender: They were chain'd together behind the *Winchester* Stage-Coach, which set out on Monday Morning from that City, and were guarded by ten Men with Fire-Arms; and about Five in the Afternoon *Gregory* was convey'd to *Newgate*, and the other Person to the New Gaol in *Southwark*, in order to take his Trial at *Kingston* Assizes for some other Fact. *Gregory* was afterwards carried to *Clerkenwell* Prison, where *Wheeler* the Informer of the Gang declared that he never saw him before; but the Servants of Mr. *Lawrence* being positive to his Person, he was sent back to *Newgate*.

A few Days since, a Blackmoor, a Sailor, coming up the River in a Ship from abroad, had the Misfortune to have both his Feet jam'd, in a miserable Manner, between the Side of a Ship he belong'd to, and another; and before a Surgeon, who was sent for, could come, he had whetted his Knife on a Tobacco-Pipe, and cut off his Toes from one of his Feet, and had cut off the other at the Ancle Joint, and threw them over board: When the Surgeon came, seeing him in such a Condition, he dress'd his Wounds, and had him sent to St. *Thomas's-Hospital*, where it was found necessary to cut off that Leg which he had disjointed, much higher; he is now in *Isaac's* Ward in that House, supporting himself with Crutches, and like to do well.

Preferment. Last Saturday the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Robinson*, of *Brouborn* in *Hertfordshire*, L. L. B. was presented by the Lord Bishop of *Rochester*, to the Rectory of *Norton* in the Diocese of *Canterbury*, a Living worth 200 l. *per Annum*.

Deaths. On Sunday last died *Thomas Palmer*, Representative in Parliament for *Bridgwater*.——Yesterday died *Philip Lloyd*, Esq; Member of Parliament for *Leftwithiel* in *Cornwall*, Captain of a Troop in the Queen's Royal Regiment of Dragoons, and Equerry to his Majesty.——On Sunday last died at *Rotherhith*, Capt. *Gwilham*, a *West-India* Commander.——Last Week died at *Oxford*, Mr. *Brooke*, a younger Son of Sir *Thomas Brooke*, of *Norton* in *Cheshire*, Bart. and one of the Fellows of *All Souls* College.

Bankrupts. John Dowland, of *Christ-Church* in *Surrey*, Lighterman.——*Samuel Kello*, of *Leadenhall-street*, *London*, Mercer.

THURSDAY, *March* 20.

An Affair of some Humour has happen'd at *Paris*; Mr. *Napali*, a famous Banker, married a buxom Wife, but soon grew tired of his Bargain, and neglected conjugal Rites. The Lady never doubted of her Right to do herself Justice, and supply'd the absent Spouse with an amorous Lover; but the unreasonable Husband, who never lay at home a-Nights, came in so early in the Morning, that her Gallant was perpetually in Danger, so that she thought proper to apply to Parliament to have a separate House; and in Hopes to make all sure, she got Monsieur charg'd with a Rape, and clapp'd in Prison: But the Affair being found out, a sad Catastrophe ensues, her Ladyship is order'd to Penance in a Convent for a Twelvemonth, and Mortification ever after, by being oblig'd to return home to her Husband.

The successful Progress of the Colony of *Georgia*, and the great Advantages likely to accrue from the pursuing that Method of establishing regular Colonies, hath engag'd the Parliament to grant 26,000 l. for this Year's Charges of supporting and increasing that Colony, whereby the adjoining Colonies are intirely defended.

This Week they finish'd the Repair of the Damage done to her Majesty's Gardens at *Richmond* by the late dreadful Hurricane, the Expence whereof amounted to 1000 l. and upwards.

On Tuesday the Wardmote or *Christmas* Jury for the City and Liberty of *Westminster* was discharged, whose Collections amounted to 207 l. which was justly distributed to the poor and decay'd House-keepers in the several Wards within the said City and Liberty, and to the Discharge of seventeen Debtors, and other miserable Objects, confined in the *Gatehouse* for Debts and Fees.

Yesterday a noted Sollicitor was committed to *Newgate* upon Lord *Hardwick's* Warrant, for robbing a Brother Sollicitor of a Promissory Note, Value 10 l.

His Majesty has been pleased to order 1000 Ounces of Plate to be deliver'd out of the Jewel Office, for the Use of his Grace the Duke of *Richmond*, Master of the Horse to the King; and Yesterday the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury sign'd a Warrant for that Purpose.

By a private Letter from *Corunna* we are inform'd, that notwithstanding the Inhibition there of sending on board a larger Quantity of Coin than what was settled by the Indulto, the following Stratagem succeeded; two Sailors in the Packet-Boat feign'd themselves sick, and pretended to be *Roman Catholicks*, upon which two Priests were sent for to attend them, (who had made an Agreement before-hand) and by that Means had a safe Opportunity of conveying a large Sum of Money on board.

On Sunday Night last two Officers of the Customs met six Smugglers a little beyond *Newington* Church in *Southwark*, and four of them being a considerable Way before the other two, the Officers attack'd the last, and after an obstinate Battle, one of the Smugglers ran away, leaving a Bag with half a hundred Weight of Tea behind him, and the other was taken, with two Bags more of half a hundred Weight each; and being carried before a Justice, was the next Day committed to the New Gaol in *Surrey*.

On Monday last the *Derby*, Capt. *Anselme*, for *East-India*, struck on the *Mouse Sands* on the Back of the *Goodwin*, about Seven o'Clock in the Morning, and was got off again about Four in the Afternoon, but prov'd so very leaky, that she was oblig'd to put back into *Sheerness* to refit.

His Majesty's Men of War the *Saltash* and *Grampus* are now at *Falmouth*, impressing the Men from on board all the homeward-bound Ships which happen to come that Way.

Last Monday Night the Coroner's Jury finish'd their Enquiry upon the Body of *James Hughs*, Coachman to the Right Hon. the Lord *Sidney Beauclerck*, who was lately murdered at a Brandy-Shop in *Marlborough-Row* near *Great Marlborough-Street*, and brought in their Verdict, *Wilful Murder*. And the same Night Warrants were issued out for apprehending *Samuel Loveday*, *Nathaniel Exley*, and *William Lavington*, for being concerned in the Murder.

We hear that a Scheme will be propos'd by Sir *Charles Wager*, for raising a sufficient Sum by Lottery to finish the new Buildings of *Greenwich-Hospital*.

Robert Witherall, condemn'd the last Assizes at *Glocester* for Burglary and Felony, is ordered for Execution; he had five several Indictments against him, and tho' but a young Man, was an old Offender.

Ralph Fletcher, condemned at the said Assizes on two Indictments for Felony, in cutting off Cloth out of the Racks near *Stroud*, is repriev'd; and on Saturday last was carried down by Water to *Bristol*, with several others, in order to be shipp'd off for the Plantations.

The Assizes held for the County of *Monmouth* on Saturday last, prov'd a Maiden Assize.

On Tuesday Night one *Esther Barret* was committed to *Newgate* by Justice *Deveil* for Shop-lifting. She went into the Shop of Mr. *Benjamin Godfrey*, a Goldsmith in *Norris Street* near St. *James's Market*, pretending to cheapen a Child's Coral, when she found an Opportunity to take out of his Shew-Glass a Card full of plain Gold Rings, to the Number of eleven; seven of which were found upon her, and it is thought she must swallow the other four. And on Wednesday Morning was committed by the same Justice to *Newgate*, *Mary Catherine Hughs*, otherwise *Denison*, also for Shop lifting, in privately stealing out of the Shop of Mr. *Henry Grubb* a Pawnbroker, a Suit of Lac'd Headclothes, the Property of a Person who pawn'd them there.

Marriage. On Tuesday last the Rev. Mr. *Hotchkis*, Head-Master of the *Charter-house* School, and Vicar of *Kingsey* in *Bucks*, was married at *Whitehall-Chapel* to Miss *Littler* of *Gravel-Lane*, a young Lady of a considerable Fortune.

Deaths. On Monday last died the Lady *Frere*, Relict of the late Governor *Frere*.——On Friday last died *Baldwin Wake*, Esq; eldest Son of Sir *Baldwin Wake*, of *Clevedon* in *Somersetshire*, Bart.——The same Day died at the *Bath*, *George Turvile*, Esq; late of *Bromley* in the County of *Middlesex*.

FRIDAY, *March* 21.

Yesterday the Rev. Dr. *Thomas*, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, preached a most excellent Sermon at St. *Bride's*, from *Philippians* iv. 17. before the Trustees for establishing the Colony of *Georgia*, when the Rev. Dr. *Bundy* read Prayers. Several Noblemen, with a great Number of the Reverend Clergy and Gentlemen, made a very full Congregation; during which Time a Person of a genteel Appearance, who was admitted into the Church-Wardens Pew, found an Opportunity to go off with one of the Folio Common-Prayer Books, on which was inscrib'd, in Capital Letters in Gold, St. *Bridget*, alias St. *Bride*.

The same Day was held a General Court of the *South-Sea* Company, at their House in *Threadneedle-Street*, and a considerable Number of the Proprietors being present, the Court proceeded to take the State of their Affairs into Consideration, when some Motions being made of an important Nature, warm Debates arose, and the Court afterwards adjourn'd to Monday Se'nnight.

Yesterday was held a General Court of the *Bank* of *England*, and a Dividend of 2 ½ *per Cent.* was declar'd for the half Year ending at *Lady Day* next.

The same Day at a General Court held at *Christ's-Hospital*, several new Governors took their Charge. At the same Time *Robert Gay*, Esq; Member in the last Parliament for *Bath*, was unanimously chosen Treasurer of the said Hospital, in the room of *Richard Cheake*, Esq; who resign'd, and the Thanks of the whole Court were return'd to him for his good Services.

Last Wednesday the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor held at *Fulham* a Court of Conservancy of the River *Thames*.

We are now well assur'd, that a more effectual Method will be taken to prevent the Exportation of Wool from *Great Britain*, and of Wool and manufactur'd Wool from *Ireland* to Foreign Parts.

Yesterday Morning Mr. *Stallwood*, an eminent Haberdasher of Small Wares, the Corner of *Artillery-Lane* in *Bishopsgate Street*, found a Letter in his Shop, with the usual Threatnings, if he did not put ten Guineas at the Threshold of the Door next Monday Night; and that if he set any Person to watch, they would certainly be shot.

By a private Letter from *Ireland*, we have an Account of the Marriage of the Earl of *Antrim*, to Miss *Betty Pennefather*, a most celebrated Beauty, and the Toast of that Kingdom.

Letters from the *Hague* mention, that nothing can be more wretched than the Condition of the *French* Troops in *Italy*, if Credit may be given to an Officer of their Army there, who represents them as harassed almost to Death by the perpetual Motions of the *Imperialists*, and ready to perish, on the other Hand, for want of all Manner of Necessaries. Provisions are so dear, they are not to be purchased by the Soldiers; which makes them so sickly, that they die, as it were, by Regiments or Garrisons. Again, there is no Forage to be had; for *Lorrain* and the *Bolognese* are obliged to furnish both Armies with it; whereby they are exhausted, and sheared almost as close as the *Modoneze* or *Parmesan*. It is almost the same Thing with the *French* Army upon the *Rhine*; not that Provisions are altogether so scarce there, but the Distempers have been much more cruel and fatal. So that *(says the Frenchman)* if we put off a little the Opening of the Campaign, you must not conclude it is because we incline to accept the Project of Pacification, but because we are reduced to the Impossibility of opening it sooner, for want of Horses for remounting the Cavalry, Draught-Horses for the Artillery and Recruits.

We hear that the *Bons Compagnons* at *Paris* are raising a Sum by Subscription, for setting up a Statue of his present most *Christian* Majesty, more magnificent than that of *Lewis Le Grand*, on Occasion of an Edict he has lately issued, to oblige Vintners to make Use of such Bottles only as hold full Measure, under a Penalty of 200 Livres for every Drop of Wine that is wanting.

They write from *Vienna*, that the *Imperial* Court is determin'd to remain on the defensive in *Italy*, and wait the Event of the present Negotiations, in order to bring her Troops the fresher into the Field, in case the Plan of Pacification has not the desir'd Effect.

Letters from *Hamburgh* mention, that the Czarina having Information that the Palatine of *Lublin* began to grow active at the Head of the *Poles*, has order'd a Reinforcement of 20,000 *Russians* to march instantly into *Poland*.

Death. On Tuesday died, in the 19th Year of his Age, Mr. *Thomas Harwood*, younger Brother to Counsellor *Harwood* of *Bream's-Buildings*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE brave *Corſicans* have eſtabliſh'd themſelves into a Republick; they have aboliſh'd and burnt all the Statutes made by the *Genoeſe*, and have alſo publiſh'd a Manifeſto, ſhewing the Reaſons for what they have done.

By the Capitulation made at the Surrender of the Citadel of *Meſſina*, the Garriſon has Liberty to ſerve where the *Imperial* Court may think fit to employ them, which is a Mark of Honour the Garriſon of *Capua* could not obtain.

The Garriſon of *Meſſina* was ſo diſtreſs'd by Sickneſs and Want of Proviſion, that not above 300 Men were able to ſtand on their Legs. The Governor has obtain'd this particular Conceſſion, that his Troops ſhall be ſet on Shore at *Trieſte*, and that they may ſerve directly where they liſt. They had been a Month without Meat, and their Allowances only a Pound of Biſcuit a Man a Day, and four Ounces of Cheeſe.

The *Pruſſian* Inliſters have carried off a Tall Man by Force from the King of *Sweden*'s Dominions; his Majeſty has ſent to demand Satisfaction of the Court of *Berlin*, and detains a *Pruſſian* Officer in Cuſtody at *Stockholm*, till his Subject is releas'd. 'Tis well if this Affair does not occaſion ſome new Broil.

The Court of *Verſailles* have offer'd the King and Senate of *Sweden* a Subſidy of 500,000 Crowns *per Annum* for two Years, upon Condition they will contract no Alliance during that Time, with the Enemies of *France*; but on the contrary obſerve a ſtrict Neutrality, unleſs they ſhall think proper to declare for his moſt *Chriſtian* Majeſty.

The Pope has publiſhed a Bull at *Rome*, declaring Homicides incapable of enjoying Eccleſiaſtical Immunities and Protection for the future, and ordering that all Man-ſlayers ſhall be dragg'd out of the Churches where they take Sanctuary, in order to be put to Death; except nevertheleſs ſuch as have the Misfortune to kill in their own Defence.

Letters from *Turin* of the 10th Inſtant ſay, that the King of *Sardinia* invited the Duke *de Montemar* to Court, that he might concert along with him the Operations of the next Campaign; but the Duke excus'd himſelf, *upon Account that the* Spaniſh *Generals never quitted the Army confided to their Care, except it was by the expreſs Command of their Sovereign.*

The *Imperialiſts* lately ſurpriz'd two advanc'd Guards almoſt under the Walls of *Cremona*, one of twenty, and the other of thirty Men, whom they carried off with them.

Letters from *Zulichow* of the 18th import, that the Town of *Poliſch-Gretz*, conſiſting of about 500 Houſes, had been reduc'd to Aſhes the Day before, by the *Poles* of King *Staniſlaus*'s Party.

'Tis aſſur'd from the *Hague*, that Orders have been iſſu'd for repairing in all Haſte the Fortifications of the Towns in *Flanders* garriſon'd by the *Dutch*, and for ſtoring their Magazines with a large Quantity of Ammunition and Proviſions. 4000 Men are actually now employ'd in reſtoring the Works of *Doway*, that Place having been almoſt diſmantled by Time, and the Neglect of the neceſſary Reparations.

'Tis univerſally believ'd in *Holland*, that in caſe a certain Court will not comply with the Terms of Pacification offer'd by the Maritime Powers, one of the ſaid Powers, at leaſt, will declare for the Emperor, in which Caſe 'tis not doubted but the old Method will be practiſed of attacking that Nation thro' the Sides of the *Netherlands*.

The Duke of *Wirtemberg*, in viſiting the Poſts on the *Rhine*, very narrowly eſcap'd being carried away by a Party of *French*, who planted themſelves in Ambuſh near a Ford he was to paſs; but the River having that Morning ſwell'd to an unexpected Height, the Duke, though advanc'd to its Banks, was oblig'd to return, and by that Means diſappointed the Deſigns of the Enemy, who had him in View; and though ſuperior in Number to his Guard, could not get over to him.

By all Advices from *Ratiſbon* and that Way, 'tis plain that the Emperor has as much Dependance upon the Contingents of the Electors of *Cologn*, *Bavaria*, and *Palatine*, the enſuing Campaign, as he had the laſt; and that is, none at all. There's his Highneſs of *Cologn*, he has Witneſs ſufficient, that his Troops were ready laſt Year, had not their March been obſtructed by ſome unlucky Incidents, which he calls Reaſons; and truly he does not know but the ſame Reaſons may ſtill ſubſiſt, and his Troops be wanted at home to defend his own Dominions; for he has been cruelly quartered upon all this Winter, *&c.* His Brother of *Bavaria* harps upon the ſame String of *Self-Preſervation*. And as for his *Palatinate* Highneſs, he ſuffered ſo much by the Marches and Counter-Marches of Friend and Foe, (but moſt, he thinks, by the former) that inſtead of demanding Money of him, the Empire ought to furniſh him with large Sums, to fortify his Places, and indemnify his Purſe.

The *Genoeſe* having refus'd to admit the *Spaniſh* Detachment into *Sarzana*, the Duke *de Montemar* reſolv'd to ſend ten Battalions to that Place and Specie; at which the Senate was ſo much alarm'd, that they immediately order'd a Deputation to acquaint the Duke, 'That it was not thro' 'Want of Conſideration for the *Catholick* King that they 'did not receive the *Spaniſh* Detachment, but to prevent 'the Complaints which the Emperor might make on that 'Occaſion.' Their Deputies alſo offer'd, that the Republick would aſſign Villages for the ſame Number of Troops deſign'd for *Sarzana*, and furniſh the Duke beſides with 30,000 Ducats: It is thought this Offer will be accepted.

Advice is arriv'd from *Sicily*, that the Governor of *Syracuſa* has capitulated with the *Spaniards*, and obtain'd the like Conditions as were granted the Garriſon of *Meſſina*; ſo that the Iſland is at length wholly ſubdu'd to *Don Carlos*.

Letters from *Paris* mention, that the Troops of the King's Houſhold are ordered to begin their March for the *Rhine* on the 14th of *April*. The Preparations for continuing the War have not yet ſeem'd to ſlacken in *France*, but great Expectations are form'd from Mr. *Walpole*'s Journey.

The Ceremony of ſtrewing Holy Water upon nine Pair of Colours belonging to the *French* Guards, was perform'd laſt Week in the Metropolitan Church of *Paris* with great Solemnity, the Archbiſhop himſelf giving the Benediction. The little Protection this Ceremony gave the *French* Enſigns in the laſt War, one would think muſt have put an End to ſo vain a Superſtition: Holy Water might defend them from the D——l, but not from a Duke of *Marlborough*.

Letters from the *North* by the *Holland* Mail, ſay the King of *Pruſſia* peremptorily refus'd Paſſage over the *Oder*, to King *Staniſlaus*'s Parties; ſo that they are ſtill ſtriving againſt the Stream, and muſt turn about to the *Saxon* Sun at laſt: His kindly Beams, how have they *warm'd* (we had almoſt ſaid *warped*) the great *Poniatowſki* into Obedience! *Poniatowſki* King *Staniſlaus*'s Boſom Friend, when he was firſt choſen, 30 Years ago, and his firſt Regimentary, when choſen in 1733. And now lately *Potocki*, or *Kiowſki*, his ſecond Regimentary, who has follow'd the Example, tho' Brother to the Primate, and taken the Oaths to King *Auguſtus*.

The CELEBRATED DIVERSIONS *at*

SADLER's WELLS,

BEGAN on Monday the 10th Inſtant, and will be continu'd every Day during the Summer Seaſon, Wedneſdays and Fridays in Lent excepted.

To which is added,

A new Pantomime Entertainment, call'd

HARLEQUIN MAGICIAN;

OR,

The DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

This Day is publiſh'd,

(Price Six-Pence)

Occaſioned by the BILL now depending in Parliament, concerning the Regulation of the Number of Play-houſes,

The SECOND EDITION, *of*

The Evil and Miſchief of Stage-Playing.

A SERMON preached in the Pariſh-Church of St Botolph Aldgate, in the City of London, on Sunday the 30th of November, 1729, occaſioned by the erecting of a Play-houſe in the Neighbourhood. Publiſhed at the Requeſt of ſeveral of the Auditors.

By ARTHUR BEDFORD, *M. A.*

Chaplain to the Worſhipful the Haberdaſhers Hoſpital at Hoxton, and Preacher of the Afternoon Sermons on Sundays at St. Botolph Aldgate.

Printed for J. Wilford, behind the Chapter-Houſe in St. Paul's Church Yard.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

(Price Six-Pence.)

THE DEVIL's FUNERAL SERMON; preached before a Congregation of Free-Thinkers. With a Letter (which No-body is to ſee) from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend, the Author of the Layman's Sermon, by way of Preface.

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Where may be had, juſt Publiſhed,

An OLD ALMANACK. Printed in the Year 1710, with a Poſtſcript thereunto. Price 6 d.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

(Price Four-Pence)

OBSERVATIONS on the four laſt SERMONS againſt POPERY, preached at Salters-Hall, by Mr. Smith, Dr. Wright, Dr. Harris, and Dr. Hughes; but more particularly on the Supplement of Mr. Chandler's Sermon, preached at the ſame Place, Jan. 16, 1734-5. By a Countryman and a Lover of Truth.

Printed for J. Wilford, behind the Chapter-Houſe in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Where may be had, juſt publiſh'd, price 6 d.

A Letter from a Friend to Samuel Chandler, occaſioned by his Sermon againſt Popery, preached at Salters-Hall, Jan. 16, 1734-5. With ſome Remarks on Mr. Barker's Sermon, preached at the ſame Place, Jan. 5, 1734-5.

To which is added,

A Poſtſcript to Mr. Neale, occaſioned by his Sermon againſt Popery, preached at Salters-Hall, Jan. 23, 1734-5.

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